Daily Independent

VOL. 17, NUMBER 137 MONESSEN, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1918 TWO CENTS PER COPY

THE BAN WILL NOT BE LIFTED AT PRESENT IS DECISION OF HEALTH BOARD

Danger of Further Spread of Influenza is Sent Out as Warning of Health Officials

The ban in Monessen will not be lifted at present. This was the unanimous decision of the board of health at a meeting held last night to consider local health conditions. While the reports showed that there has been a satisfactory decrease from day to day in the number of influenza cases reported, and the general conditions are much improved, yet it was deemed advisable to keep the town closed for several days yet until the danger has diminished to a greater extent. The board of health not only considered carefully conditions as they are at the present time, but experiences of other towns where the ban was lifted too soon was taken into consideration. Practically in every instance where there was a desire to restore business to normal in other towns, there was a recurrence of the epidemic, and some health authorities were compelled to take drastic action the second time. It is the hope of the local board of health to avoid any calamity here and the general public is asked to assist in carrying out the requests of the health board in keeping closed a few days longer. No probable time was set and none was discussed for the restoration of business. but a meeting will be held Friday night for the purpose of considering conditions as found at that time.

Monessen has had a trying experience with this awful scourge and if lives are to be saved from this time on, the powers of the board of health must be respected and obeyed.

Conditions likely will warrant the closing of the emergency hospital at the High school next Monday. A general cleanup will be inaugurated about the premises which will include scrubbing. fumigating, ventilating etc. It is not likely the schools will open before December 9th, the week after institute.

Charleroi will be forced to close the town again on account of having lifted the ban too soon and steps are being taken to prevent a further spread of the disease.

Brownsville, which was virtually untouched by influenza three weeks ago, now is believed to be the hardest hit place of its size in the United States. It is estimated that at least 200 persons have died. Conditions are so critical that it is being planned to isolate the twin towns of Brownsville and South Brownsville entirely. Joseph N. Lrce and J. T. Ross, both undertakers, are among those critically ill.

New Castle with 45 new cases of influenza today faces a more alarming situation than before the ban was lifted. Council today is expected to direct Health Officer J. K. Pollock to replace former restrictions.

The situation in Latrobe remains serious and more drastic quarantine regulations are expected. With 59 new cases reported during the last 48 hours, and 69 during the previous 48 hours, the disease, which had appeared to be losing its hold, prior to the several peace celebrations, now seems to be on the increase. Crowding and loafing in saloons is blamed as one fruitful source of contagion. In the neighboring town of Ligonier, where strict quarantine has been maintained from the beginning, few cases of influenza have appeared.

Because of an increase of 60 to 75 per cent since the influenza ban was lifted, the Uniontown board of health has decided to issue another anti-congregating order, effective at 7 o'clock this morning. Schools, churches, theatres, saloons, pool rooms, moving picture houses. lodge halls and all other places of congregation are affected by the order. The Fayette county annual session of all school directors in the county scheduled for Novembre 22 and 23 has been cancelled.

Twenty-one new cases were reported last week in Crucible. The towns of Rices Landing, Vesta, Newtown and Millsboro have reported a total of 10 new cases during the past week. Carpenters employed in the coal mines of these towns have left the mines and are making rough boxes in which to bury the dead.

In Connellsville the epidemic has broken out again, with local undertakers handling nine deaths attributed to it yesterday. Most of the pneumonia victims, however, were not from Connellsville proper, but from the coke towns surrounding the city, but physicians say that cases in Connellsville. too, are showing a slight increase.

DRUGGIST INJURED IN AUTO WRECK

Ralph Lipton, proprietor of the Peoples Drug store at the corner of Schoonmaker avenue and Twelfth street, met with an accident this morning that may prove fatal.

Mr. Lipton left his garage about 8 o'clock to make a business trip in his car to Donora. About 9 o'clock, it is said, he had descended the brick road to the foot of a small hill near the Turkey Hollow road, and was starting to ascend the grade when by some yet unknown means his machine was met by a coal truck said to belong to Cal Leighton of Webster. The two machines collided and the compact was so heavy that Lipton's car was just about demolished and Mr. Lipton was so badly injured that he was rushed to the Monongahela hospital in an unconscious condition. It is said Mr. Lipton's head is crushed. his back bone broken and he is otherwise seriously injured. At noon he was still unconscious and Dr. Griffith had not yet made a complete diagnosis, but attaches of the hospital as we go to press. give scarcely any hope for his recovery.

DEATH OF FORMER MONESSEN MAN

James Watt, electrician. formerly employed at the Pittsburgh Steel, died at his home, Latrobe. Sunday. at the age of 25 years, after suffering from influenza and pneumonia. A wife and three children survive. all of whom are victims of the same disease. Mr. Watt and family resided in Monessen about three years, and had been residents of Latrobe for about two years. Mrs. R. M. Tobin and Miss Maude Hamilton are attending the funeral. deceased being a nephew of Mrs. Tobin.

THE SOLDIERS' PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,
Grant no other soldier takes
My socks and shoes before I wake.

Keep me safely in Thy sight,
Grant no fire drills sound at night,
In the morning let me wake.
Breathing scents of sirloin steak.

Deliver me from work and drills,
And when I'm sick, don't feed me pills
And should I hurt this hand of mine
Don't dob it up with iodine.

In a snowy feathered bed,
There I long to lay my head,
Far away from all camp scenes,
And the smell of half-baked beans.

Take me back to my old home,
Where I'm at ease to walk and roam,
Where no thrilling bugle blows,
Where the women wash the clothes.

MURDERER ON TRIAL THIS WEEK

The second week of criminal court opened Monday morning, President Judge Alexander D. McConnell's room being the one in operation. The empaneling of a jury to try the case of the commonwealth vs. Daniel Priva, a Serbian of Pleasant Unity, charged by County Detective Paul L. Feightner with the murder of Mike Blatcha, a Pole, on the night of June 30, 1918, began. At 11 o'clock the selection of a jury was complete and the prisoner was arraigned for trial.

The murder occurred at the shanty of the victim in Unity township. Earlier in the evening Blatcha visited the shanty of Priva, the men being employed in building a railroad siding to to the new coal works, on the Wliliam Hudson farm, one mile east of Pleasant Unity. He was invited to participate in a game of cards and considerable money, it is said. This so angered Priva that he some time later went to Blatcha's shanty and attacked him, striking him over the head with an iron bar, crushing his skull.

Priva then fled and Blatcha was removed to the Latrobe hospital where he died a short time later. Priva was finally located in Chicago where he was taken into custody by the Chicago police and returned to Greensburg.

WE SHOULD WORRY

Indiana may go "dry' alright, but genius will find a way. It has already. We are being offered beer powders now. Merely put your powder in a bucket, sprinkling can, or any other receptacle ordinarily employed in rushing the growler, add water and yeast—and then wait. In a little while you have a nice batch of beer and can call across the back fence to Clancy and to Hogerschmidt, the Dutchman, to come over and be sociable. To be sure it may taste a little queer. but so long as it has the kick and the punch and the quality of imparting the esprite de corps. why should you care?

"God save you merry gentlemen
Let nothing you dismay."

—Ft. Wayne (Ind.) News.

CHARLEROI APPEALS FOR HELP

Supt. Booth of the Charleroi emergency hospital. has asked the war department to allow an extension of time for Dr. T. B. Herron of Monessen in order to have his services in fighting the influenza. which has broken out in that town worse than ever. Dr. Herron is willing to help provided the request for his extension is granted.

INFLUENZA SITUATION STILL CONTINUES TO IMPROVE--STATUS AT HOSPITAL ENCOURAGING

Conditions Over Town Continue to Look Better--Few New Cases Are Reported

The influenza situation seems to be holding its own with a perceptible inclination to the good today. The hospital report at noon was encouraging. There have been no new admissions since yesterday and the inmates are thirteen less than yesterday's report showed.

Today'srecordshows79smb i eee di

Today's record shows 79 dismissals since yesterday. Thus it can readily be seen that conditions are improving every day. Aside from three deaths last night there are yet three serious cases in the hospital. The report from the town shows nothing unusual, with very few cases developed in new families, but some new cases have developed in homes where the influenza had gotten a hold on other members of the household, and with a few exceptions all old cases are reported to be improving and practically out of danger. The new cases are being carefully watched by doctors and nurses and every possible care and attention given, and by thus taking the cases in time it is thought the fatalities will from now on be very few unless re-action from some unseen cause takes place, causing a renewed outbreak. The report from the emergency hospital today is as follows:

Total Admisions	281
Deaths	70
Dismissals	178
Present Inmates	33

GOOD POTATO CROP AT COUNTY HOME

Not withstanding that the potato crop in western Pennsylvania is below the average this season, Director of the poor John M. Bash, who has charge of the county farms, near George station, reports a yield of 450 bushels raised at the poor farm. this county, will furnish almost enough for supplying the Westmoreland county home.

The crop of carrots and turnips at the "Home" was unusually large. It is the purpose of the superintendent and board of directors to use up the carrots and turnips first, which will relieve the potato supply, which will be needed toward spring.

George Trice of Greensburg, had charge of the gardens at the county home. He reports a good yield of all kinds of vegetables. The corn crop was also above the average and, it is expected, that less money will have to be expended for supplies than last year.

TWO CENT RATE FOR SOLDIERS

Director-General McAdoo has announced his intention of establishing a reduced passenger rate of two cents a mile, instead of the usual three cents. for soldiers returning to their homes after discharge from the army. By law, soldiers are allowed three and one-half cents a mile for transportation and meals and the special fare will enable them, Mr. McAdoo believes, to buy meals and pay for sleeping car reservations out of the allowance.

—Miss Mary Stonage has resumed her duties at this office after being confined to her home for two weeks, suffering from influenza.

RECEPTION FOR SOLDIER BOY

A reception was given last night by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schoaf of West Newton. in honor of their son, Lieut. Ralph Schoaf, who is home on furlough, and is soon to leave for New York city. Guests from Monessen were Rev. and Mrs. McFarland and daughter, Miss Helen, Mr. and Mrs. Morse Ney, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Coopper and Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Diehl. Dr. and Mrs. I. B. Schoaf of Donora, were also guests. Mrs. Moorhead of West Newton and Mrs. Schoaf of Donora. rendered a number of piano selections and solos, as did Mrs. McFarland of Monessen. A most charming luncheon was served and the evening was delightfully spent. Dr. and Mrs. Schoaf returned in the Cooper car.

Card ot Thanks

We desire to thank the friends and neighbors as well as the members of the Shepler Mission for the many kindly acts during the illness and death of our beloved daughter Evelyn, whose death occurred Nov. 15. We are also grateful for the lovely floral offerings.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Columbus
and Family.

1tp

It is conceded that most disease germs enter mouth or nose. Then if you daily use a mouth, throat and nose spray of Our Antiseptic Solution, the precautionary measure is fully taken and health and cleanliness and good feeling will be the result. This makes a wonderful mouth wash to use for this purpose, anyway.

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Issued every afternoon at 3 o'clock. Only daily newspaper published in Monessen, Pa.
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HARRY R. PORE, Editor and Owner.
GEO. C. DIEHL, General Manager.
FRANK G. LANE, City Editor.

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REPUBLICAN IN POLITICS

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Daily Independent Honor Roll

★ **FRANK G. LANE**
CITY EDITOR
Enlisted July, 1917
3rd Battalion, 110th Regiment, Hdqrs. Co., now "somewhere in France."

★ **DE ROY WOODFILL**
JOB DEPARTMENT
Enlisted March, 1918
U. S. Navy. Now located in League Island navy yards, Philadelphia.

THE DOWNFALL OF KINGS

"God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings,
the outrage of the poor.

"Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war?
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

"My angel—his name is freedom,—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west
And fend you with his wing."

How well the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson apply to this present moment; Only four short months ago, and the power of tyrants appeared as unassailable as the Alps. There they sat in dreadful security, protected by millions of submissive and ferocious slaves, armed with weapons of destruction against virtue, truth and innocence. Thence they sent their armies, crushing, burning, ravaging, leaving behind a trail of ashes, death and woe.

And then came the old result that has always happened when the powers of earth defied the laws of God and man. The image had feet of clay. The throne was built upon stubbie. Nothing lasts unless built on honor and justice.

There is something in human nature that will not tolerate wrongs. And so we have a long history of struggle against those cruel tyrants whose bloody deeds have stained history. Sometimes the battle has been long, not because the tyrants were strong, as that so many men are weak and inclined to submit. In the end every tyranny goes crashing to dust. So today the infamous Willaim of Hohenzollern and his despicable son, once the proud and mighty rulers, are now outcasts, subject of the world's disgrace and loathing.

COLLECTING THE DAMAGE

There is a general agreement that Germany at least must be made to pay for the physical damage she has done, for the wrecked dwellings and business buildings, the looted factories and the forced loans exacted from conquered cities. But the question how that vast amount shall be collected is not an easy one to handle.

It was recently stated that the damage done to the property of Belgium alone had been estimated at $8,000,000.000. But as the wealth of Belgium before the war was estimated at only 9,000,000,000, the former figure was prabably exaggerated. It would seem however as if the physical damage done by Germany would be anywhere from $10,000,000,000 up. every dollar of which she should pay.

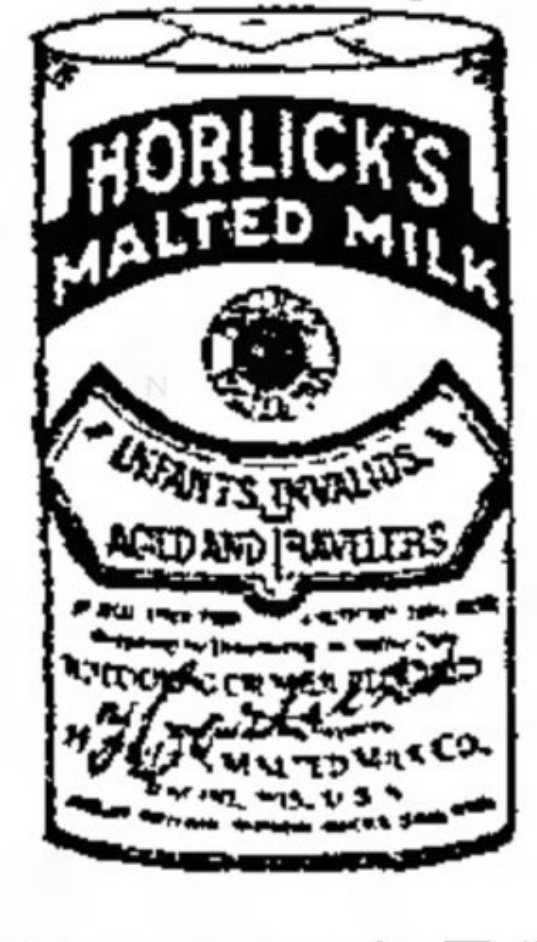
Germany's stock of gold and silver coin before the war was not probably in excess of $1,600,000. Her paper money could not be accepted in payment of an indemnity. The promise of the German government to pay is not worth much. Neither would German bonds be a satisfactory form of payment. The world has no confidence in the good faith of any government that Germany may create.

A considerable sum might be obtained by requiring the German people to bring in all their gold and silver ornaments. But that would come nowhere near paying the indemnity.

Some authorities suggest that our armies take over the German custom houses and collect pay through them. But as the Germans will not be able to buy much foreign merchandise for years, the revenues of these custom houses may not amount to much.

It would seem likely that this indemnity would have to be collected largely through the labor of the Germans themselves. Let them work out their debt by rebuilding the cities they have leveled to the ground. That will force it into their bony heads that they can not do acts of wanton destruction without having to pay for them in their own sweat and tears.

The DIET During and After INFLUENZA
The Old Reliable Round Package



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Editorial Paragraphs

No truly patriotic citizen can be a profiteer.

The army needs no nursing but it needs nurses.

Loose change leads a better life when invested in Thrift stamps.

Of course, the profiteer always bits us at an unexpected moment.

It's getting cold enough for the girls to put aside their summer furs.

Sweetness and light may penetrate Germany through the shell holes.

Autocracy has only just begun its course in the school of adversity.

Metz may resist attack a long time, but there are other ways into Germany.

Glue is said to be scarce—probably owing to the demand for Thrift stamps

Many a woman would be glad if kitchen work were listed as nonessential.

If you are not doing any war work, get busy. There is something you can do.

Now the world is discovering that it needs women quite as much as it needs men.

The world seldom sympathizes with the man who advertises his troubles with a spite fence.

Tidy American housewives admire the thorough way in which the Yanks over there are "mopping up."

When the enemy is weakening is no time to "hit soft." The mercy stroke is a quick, sure, deadly thrust.

"Spanish grip" is at least a less objectionably named epidemic than "German measles."

The public is again earnestly exhorted to remember that the first signs of influenza are not to be sneezed at.

A tax of 10 per cent on all men's clothing has been advocated. Just so they don't put a tax on patches!

Men's trousers are to be shorter and tighter. Let them come—everybody is prepared for the worst.

Japan manages to do a wonderful amount of effective work without the assistance of a press agent.

The perils of a pedestrian among automobiles are slight compared to the chances a draft dodger is taking.

Strictly speaking there now appears to be but one essential industry, and that is, winning the war.

Lloyd George says "the worst is over" and Wilhelm is sure that "the worst is yet to come."

Tipping is extravagant and degrading, says an esteemed contemp. So is war, but everybody's doing it.

Some men are afraid they will have to go to war, and some of their wives are afraid they won't.

Enemy victories always turn out to be smaller and enemy defeats bigger than they are at first reported.

To have hanging in closets discarded clothing that might protect needy Belgians against the winds of winter is to misplace one's generous instincts.

Human life has been lengthened three years by science and sanitation. And the age of a suit of clothes has been increased three years by the war.

Knitting needles are again withdrawn from their scabbards and are clicking in their own way toward victory.

The kaiser is reported as "very despondent," and when you stop to think about it there is not much excuse for merriment on his part these days.

One way to end this submarine war would be to keep the women and children off the ships, thus depriving the U-boats of suitable targets.

Some of the fellows who are worrying for fear they will be drafted have no cause for uneasiness. The army wants to win.

We insist that the sublimest hero of the war is the man who is voluntarily submitting his body to the ravages of the cootie that science may devise a way of combating it!

That suggestion that no man shall be employed in a position which a woman can fill will come as a severe blow to a lot of soft handed, self-glorified men.

Automobile shows planned for next year are being canceled. The motor situation has become one of such gloom that it is impossible to smile even at the flivver joke.

A more general use of lady barbers is among the probabilities. And why not? Let us avoid, however, those women who take a great delight in cutting men.

France has become a great admirer of the "jazz band." This fact may not show great musical taste, but it is an unquestionable evidence of affection for America.

J. B. WHITE
Justice of The Peace
401 Donner Ave. Monessen, Pa.
Explosive, Dog, Automobile and Marriage Licenses
Acknowledgements

WHEN THE ANNAMITES FEAST

Their Camp Cooks Prepare Meals Which Are Unlike Any Served Up to the Other Allies.

During a day of repose I took occasion to visit an Annamite camp, writes Le Roy Baldridge in Asia Magazine. A bit of French landscape has been turned into Annam. Here one finds neither "Adrian" barracks nor old stone farmhouses with roofs of red tile. Instead are the pagodas of the Orient, artistically fashioned of trees, bamboos, branches and straw. As we pass the kitchen we see at once that the dejeuner being prepared is not for Frenchmen. Most prominent is a kettle three feet in diameter containing rice Which is the one thing a Poilu cannot be forced to eat! Before the cook clamps back the lid we notice in the center of the white steaming mass a bowl of onions for flavoring. Squatted near by, the assistant cook with his couteau—a broad-ended, curved Chinese blade two feet in length—chops up meat into little squares as he chants something with an appropriate rhythm the while. A driver comes for his meal. The cook drops a ladleful of rice on one side of the extended plate and on the other a little cube of boiled meat and in the center a splash of sauce The sauce is the mystery No Frenchman could explain it to me except in terms of violent gesticulation. Then instead of taking out a "couteau d'Apache" as all the rest of us do, and starting by slicing off a hunk of dark army bread from the loaf which every Poilu keeps concealed somewhere about his person, our yellow comrade produces two sure-enough chop sticks from an inner pocket, and, sitting down on the running board of his truck, enters upon that fascinating feat of dining against the laws of gravity.

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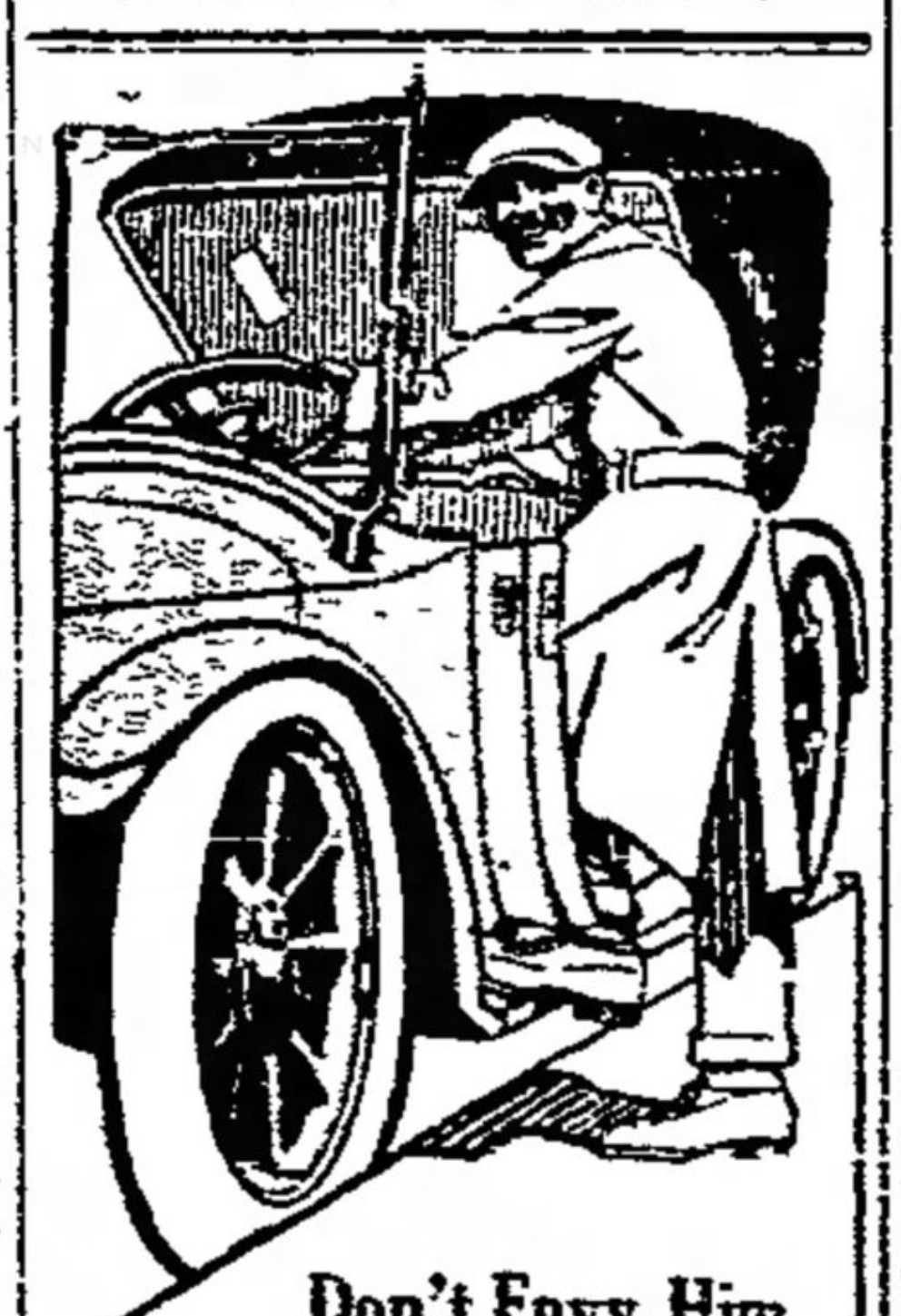

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WEYLAND'S BIG DAY

By MARION C. LEESAM.

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The little town of Weyland was certainly in a fever of excitement—and why not? Tomorrow was to be "Military day" and all the fellows who had left that town for the service of Uncle Sam were invited home to be treated as honored guests. Of course there were some already "over there" who could not attend, but others were at nearby camps and schools and the people of the town volunteered to go in their own machines and bring the boys home.

"If it is only a fair day," said Ruth Merrill to her mother. "If it rains, it will spoil the whole thing."

"Don't be pessimistic, Ruth, dear. I guess it will not rain, it's such a beautiful evening. By the way, will Robert Foster be able to come home?"

"I hardly think so, and moreover I don't care whether he comes home or not."

Robert Foster was one of Ruth's old sweethearts, but a year ago they had quarreled and Bob had enlisted. Ruth was too proud to give in, and so was Bob, hence the quarrel had never been patched up.

"Why, Ruth, this is no time to be thinking of petty quarrels," said her mother. "It's a shame for you and Bob to act so."

Mrs. Merrill put her neatly darned stockings into the basket, thinking deeply all the while. "There is nothing I can do," she thought. "Better let things straighten out themselves."

The next day dawned fair and warm and Ruth got up with a happy feeling in her heart. Something was going to happen to her that day, but what she knew not. There was to be a parade in the morning; then in the afternoon a banquet, and last of all a dance in the evening.

It was during the parade that Ruth's heart beat rapidly, as she saw in the third formation the tall figure of Ensign Robert Foster. "My, how manly he looks," Ruth thought, but then she turned her eyes away for they were passing by and he might look at her.

"I won't speak first," she said to her mother; but fate had arranged differently. About five o'clock Ruth hustled over to help wait on table. She had about fifteen hungry fellows to serve, and she hurried lest some should be kept waiting. Everything went fine till Ruth, with a cup of coffee in one hand and a plate of chicken salad in the other, went to place them in front of one young man, who immediately turned and looked up into her face. Ruth had not expected Bob at her table, and the shock was too much. Anyway, the coffee landed somewhere in Bob's lap, and a dismayed little girl ran frantically out of the room.

"I shan't go in again," she sobbed to one of the girls. "I spoiled his white suit, and he looked so nice."

After much teasing Ruth was persuaded to go to the dance; but she took pains to keep out of Bob's way. She avoided him all evening by dancing with other fellows; but one dance came when Ruth was without a partner, and Bob, seeing his chance, sauntered over.

Ruth got through the dance, but few words were spoken. At the beginning of the encore Bob led her out of the hall, and they walked in the still moonlight until the dance music was only faintly heard.

Then Bob turned and took Ruth squarely by the shoulders. "Little sweetheart, let's forget everything and start again. Since training down south I have had time to think things over, and I certainly missed my little girl's letters to keep away that homesick feeling."

Ruth softly squeezed Bob's hand.

"I've been sorry, too," she said; "but I thought you had forgotten me. Then when I blundered and spilled the coffee I felt that was the finishing touch."

"That's the least of my troubles; but, dear, I'm going to sea in a couple of weeks, so we must be happy and make the best of our time together."

It was a much happier girl who, two weeks later, said goodby to Bob.

"I'll be back soon, dear; so don't worry," and, kissing her tenderly, Bob went away.

Ruth waved until he was out of sight. Then, with tears in her eyes, she looked down at the ring on her third finger and pressed it to her lips.

Why Mother Interfered.

Miss Gush—And, Ethel, dear, what is the baby's name?

Mrs. Newmother—I've named him Ethelbert Algernon.

Miss Gush—But I always thought the father named the boy?

Mrs. Newmother—If you could hear what his father calls him when he is walking the floor with him in the early dawn you wouldn't wonder that I took matters in my own hands.—London Tit-Bits.

Imagining Teeth in Stomach.

The Revista dos Cursos, Brazil, warns against putting too much trust in patients' statements. A man swallowed his false teeth and insisted that he could feel them in his stomach. The stomach was opened and nothing found. As a result of the chloroform the man vomited profusely, bringing forth the teeth, which had lodged in the esophagus.

True and False Freedom.

There are two freedoms—the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.—Charles Kingsley.

The Olympic
BILLIARD PARLOR
HARRY LEBOWITZ, Manager
REFINED HEALTHFUL AMUSEMENT
Billiards, Pool, Bowling
The best tables, the truest alleys, Confectionery, Cigars, Etc Parlor cool and pleasant.

AUTO HOSPITAL

When a person is sick the best place to go is to a respectable hospital. So with an automobile.

A word to the wise is sufficient. Bring your mcahine to Pete Williams when it needs doctoring. You'll get good service and right charges.

Monessen Storage Battery and Electric Shop
E. H. WILLIAMS, Prop.
Monessen Pa.

MANY HOMES NEED NEW WALL PAPER

Not only in the spring and summer but during the fall and winter.

We have many patterns suitable for any room in any house and just right in price.

Wall Paper Paints-Glass
EDW. WEILL
316 Donner Ave. Monessen
Window Shades Curtain Poles

ODD PIECES OF HOUSE FURNITURE

Just to suit you and just right for any room.

Parlor, Dining Room and Kitchen Table, Stands Chairs, Couches, Duofolds and anything you may be looking for.

Drop in, look over our stock and we guarantee most courteous treatment and reasonable prices.

Moore's Furniture Store
FURNITURE UNDERTAKING
547 Donner Ave. Bell Phone 173-J.

Christmas Photos

Place orders now and have the pictures made in time, as the rush at the last minute might inconvenience you.

Different mountings and styles to select from. Come in now and have your sitting.

MONESSEN STUDIO
LOUIS ARCURI, Prop'r.
442 Donner Avenue, Monessen, Penna.
Phone 293-J.

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The oldest and best in Monessen.
In business 15 years
We handle and transfer anything and everything that can be moved and handled.
Let us do your hauling

A. MARPLE & CO.
Donner Ave. Phone 207 Monessen. Pa.

PHOTOS FOR GIFTS

Right now is when you should place your order for photos to be used as Christmas remembrances to friends.

If it is put off too long the work cannot possibly be finished on time.

So come in, get your sitting and give us time to finish the pictures.

Newest and latest mountings, many designs to select from.

COME EARLY
B. Krasnicki Studio
Corner Fourth and Schoonmaker Phone 181-R

JOS. SAMUELS
SPECIAL MESSENGER SERVICE

How many times in the past few months have you found it neces to say

"Well, now we have had those goods on the road for 10 days or m they ought to be in any time now. You know it's awfully hard to get through these days," etc., etc.

Five minutes later that same customer may come out of "Bill Pe place with the very articles you ordered, but didn't have.

Don't let them stray. Good customers are hard to get—harder ho'd. More money is invested in goods—smaller margin than at time since you entered business.

Bill Pep's goods were delivered to Jos. Samuels this morning and received them this afternoon. What do you say? Just tell the sales —"Send 'em by Messenger.

Pittsburgh headquarters—Union Express office, 725 Grant
Phones: 1866 Grant—1866 Main

Monessen headquarters—Residence, 312 Donner avenue, hone 87-J. Kirk's drug store, corner Fourth and Donner. alarias & Berbatis, Fifth and Donner.

Yes, We Do Job Work.

Peg's Ideas on Conservation

A series of intimate talks on conserving telephone usage written by a woman, from a woman's point of view and for women.

I KNEW Peggy was in war work but I didn't know she carried it into the home. She started the conservation subject and finally switched to the telephone.

"But what has the telephone——?"

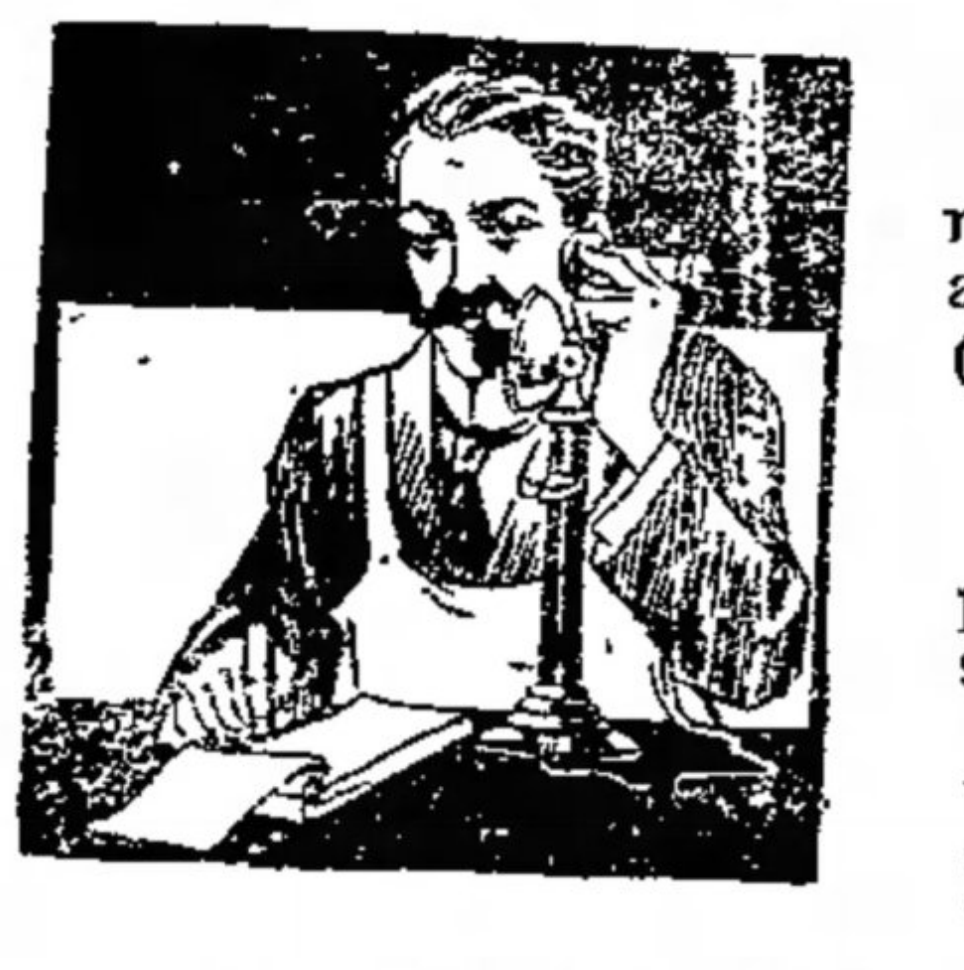
"I'll show you" exclaimed Peg, anticipating my question. "Take, for instance, the telephone message, 'What are you going to wear?' You know how many times we ask that over the telephone. Also we make as many other unimportant and needless calls. Such things can be decided just as easily when arrangements are first made. Then, too——"

But I am sure you get the point.

I did, and, as I thought it over several hours later, it occurred to me that every time we telephone we should stop and ask ourselves whether the call is more important than the saving of equipment and the operators' services for the war industries.

Then, I am sure we will see that our part—the woman's part—is to *telephone only when necessary.*

The Bell Telephone Company of Penna.
F. B. Burwell, Local Manager
Charleroi, Pa.



We Are Talking To You

During these war times remember it is practical and expenses reduced by Carrying Your Groceries Home

We can fill your orders promptly, correctly and satisfactory.

We have everything you would expect, a fully stocked grocery and everything is fresh & excellent

The Fifth Ave. Grocery
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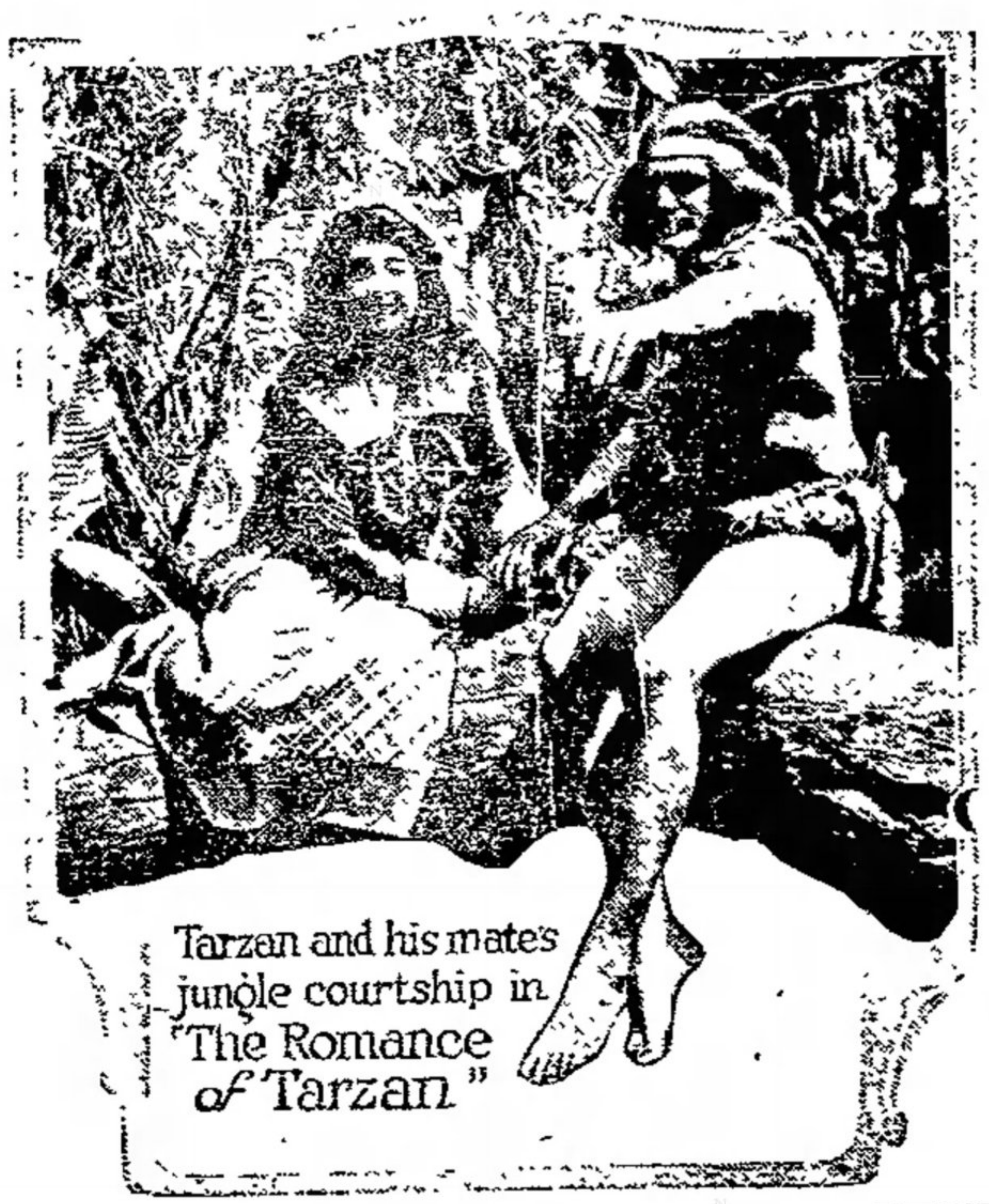

Tarzan and his mates jungle courtship in "The Romance of Tarzan"

Coming soon to Olympic theatre

The Best Place to Eat

Right in the main thoroughfare of the city, Donner Avenue.

Everything sanitary, the best of cooking and

COURTEOUS QUICK SERVICE

Special service for ladies

Busy Bee Restaurant
511 Donner Ave. Monessen

DO YOU ENJOY BOWLING and BILLIARDS

The social game with pep and excitement.
Our tables are the best.
Our Alleys are level.

THE KEYSTONE
Donner Avenue
Opposite Freight Station

Here's Another good reason—All prosperous Stores Advertise

On Marrying Aviators.

It is noticed that the dear girls are marrying aviation lieutenants more than any other class of soldiers. This is not because so many of them are killed, but because the service is the most romantic, and if there is anything a well-balanced girl likes more than anything else it is romance. And to have a husband who sails the blue skies and goes hiding in the clouds makes a girl very proud. She has a right to be. He is looked upon as a superman who gets beyond the domain of gravitation and wanders in the regions where the angels are supposed to fly. When such a one gets back to earth and sits with his wife before the cordial fireplace, and talks to her of stars, sunsets and dreams, could there be more delightful company? Who would not be an aviator and face all the perils of aviation for such an experience? No wonder the government has more aviators than it wants.—Ohio State Journal.

Blind Boys on Joy Ride.

A little engineering ingenuity has made dozens of blind and deaf children in Manila happier.

Deaf and blind children are sometimes hard to amuse. A man who fashions some plaything that can make perpetual darkness and silence a little easier to endure adds a jewel to his heavenly crown.

The merry-go-round that has been placed at the disposal of the children in the Deaf and Blind school in Manila is simple enough for the handicapped boys and girls to operate without assistance.

The whirling structure comprises a triangular framework of wood scantlings pivoted on a stout wood post in the center. At each point of the triangle is a seat and a wheel. The wheels travel on a circular iron track. Legs and arms supply the motive power.—Popular Science Monthly.

WHEN MAKING OUT A CHECK

Take Time Enough to Write Legibly and Be Sure Amount Is Indicated Clearly in Writing.

Do you know how to write a check so that it cannot be successfully tampered with? Experts declare that carelessness in that small matter is responsible for the loss of millions of dollars annually, the loss falling sometimes on the individual and sometimes on the bank. There are mechanical devices to prevent the raising of checks, but their use is not general, partly because of the expense, but more particularly, probably, because it adds one more to the multitude of things to be done.

For those who are daily taking chances William G. Pengelly, handwriting expert in a recent paper, offers some valuable advice in the drawing of checks. His first suggestion is to take enough time for the process to be sure of doing a good job. In filling in the space for the amount in numerals, write in legible figures, beginning close to the printed dollar mark; don't leave space for the insertion of another figure. Then write the amount in words, preferably beginning with a capital, at the left-hand end of the line; don't write it so that the amount stands in the middle of the line; having written the amount properly, draw a heavy line from the last letter to the word "Dollars" at the right. As he says, "block the words in" so that additions cannot be easily made either at the beginning or at the end. When the words are written clearly and with an initial of unmistakable identity, the check-raiser has little opportunity for his work.

Another safeguard Mr. Pengelly suggests is the writing of the amount of the check, either in figures or words, in red ink, above or within the signature at the bottom. In his experience he has found this to be a successful safeguard against fraud. But the all important things are legibility of handwriting and proper location of the written amounts. Don't be in a hurry in writing a check. It is a haste that makes trouble.—Columbus Dispatch.

LIKE OTHER ORIENTAL TOWNS

Joppa Since Earliest History Has Been More or Less the Plaything of Conquerors.

In the tribute lists of Thothmes III, king of Egypt, who held his court on the banks of the Nile, some 1700 years before the Christian era, there figured the town of Joppa. Thothmes III was a mighty warrior. He fought no fewer than seventeen successful campaigns in Syria, twice captured Kadesh and was one of the greatest builders and administrators Egypt had ever known. So, although nothing is certain about the matter, he probably captured Joppa and laid tribute on the inhabitants, who then, as today, built their houses over the "rounded hillock" which, from the sea, forms a gracious landmark. That was 3,400 years ago, and every now and again during all those centuries, the old city, which looks out over the Mediterranean toward the coast of Africa, away beyond Egypt, has stepped into and out of the history of the world.

COLDS OFTEN MEAN PNEUMONIA

Why take chances with your life and endure the harrassing and worrying effects of a cold in the head or chest when you can banish it quickly by calling at the drug store and securing a 25c jar of KREW-PINA? This wonderful ointment reduces all inflammation, either internal or external, and kills pain quickly. It brings quick relief to sufferers from catarrh, bronchitis, tonsilitis, coughs, rheumatism, pleurisy, sore throat; quickly draws pain from burns, cuts and bruises and relieves croupy children effectively. Put up in 25c size and sold at all drug stores. Make a mental note to get it on your way to or from shopping or work.

COCCARI TRANSFER and TAXI SERVICE

Office 340 Donner Ave.
Residence 928 Knox Ave.
Phone 764-R.

Long distance service a specialty. General Hauling, Coal delivered and Moving.

JUST RECEIVED

A large shipment of KORRY KRONIE LEATHER
And the famous ARMY SOLES
The best leathers ever brought to Monessen.
Come in if you want service.

C. PARNELLA
242 Schoonmaker Ave.
Monessen Pa.

Do You Use Good Paper When You Write?
We Can Print Anything and Do It Right.

Recalled to Life

By RALPH HAMILTON

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

"I direct that my property be sold for an amount not less than twenty thousand dollars."

There was a flutter among aunts, cousins, nephews and nieces of "Griffith Tenby, deceased, his last will and testament." It was a tidy sum, if not too promiscuously scattered. Expectant beneficiaries began to calculate mentally.

"The proceeds from such sale," read on the dry-voiced lawyer, "to be divided into four parts. Those of my relatives who are young, prosperous and in good health are able to shift for themselves. My four spinster aunts are dependent on circumstances and each is to receive one-fourth of the amount acquired from such sale. I direct that receipts in full be given to all those who owe me money."

Many a struggling soul blessed Griffith Tenby that night. He had been a friend to everybody. It was to his energy and financial co-operation that a free library had been established. When the question of the town high school came up he had donated a pleasant and convenient site. He had followed a lofty purpose in forgiving his debtors, knowing that liquidation for them would be hardship.

There was one who had wept sorrowfully when the news came that Mr. Tenby was among the missing in a great hotel fire. Adelia Ward passed a woeful night, thinking of the noble friend who had aided her at the darkest hour of her life. She was only twenty-five, but she had become a hard-working business woman. She had started a small department store in Orville, engulfing all her means. She arrived at a point where she must go bankrupt or obtain new liquid capital. Tenby, the friend to everybody, had come to her rescue. He had advanced her sufficient to re-establish herself, and now had wiped the slate clean, and this grateful, graceful woman for a year wore a black ribbon at her fair white throat and told no one why.

Griffith Tenby was not dead. He had escaped from the burning hotel down a fire escape. Twelve feet from the ground he fell. An hour later, wandering about aimlessly, he had reached a wretched hovel, sat down on its door step and fell asleep. He awoke a new self, a placid being, with all his past blotted out from memory and acquiescent in all that the occupant of the hut for two years thereafter suggested to him.

This was Abel Wayne, a wretched old man, whose pipe and liquor were the very acme of existence. He was not a criminal, but when he found nearly two thousand dollars in Tenby's pockets and no papers identifying him, and judged from the abrasion on his head that some heavy blow had made his senses abnormal, Wayne gave it out that he had been employed to care for his helpless boarder. He arbitrarily placed the cost at twenty-five dollars a week, and every Saturday night took that amount as his rightful own.

Thus life went on for Griffith Tenby for nearly a year and a half. His self-appointed guardian was taken ill one day. Dying, the man confessed to the physician what he had done. He handed him what was left of Tenby's money. The physician interested in the case, had Tenby removed to a private hospital, expending the money required, and one day his patient, after an operation on his skull, came back to normal. The doctor gave him the residue of the money and Griffith Tenby started for his old home.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when he left the train, a large hat well obscuring his face. As he crossed the public square he noticed that a drinking fountain had been put in place since he had left. The electric lights glinted across a copper plate surmounting it, and he read: "Memorial by grateful citizens," and his name and a recital of his public activities in behalf of the community. Two strollers passed by.

"Yes, it was Miss Ward who paid for the fountain," spoke one of them. "It cost her two thousand dollars."

The amount she had owed Tenby! He sat down on a bench, a queer thrill traversing his frame. He started as there appeared the woman he was thinking of. Miss Ward paused at the fountain, filled the chained cup with water, and Tenby fancied she closed her eyes and her lips moved as if in prayer. He could not withstand a wild impulse of the moment.

"Do not be frightened," he said; "it is myself, in flesh and blood."

"Frightened? Oh, is it true? I am glad! glad!" and she tottered to the bench.

"I imagine I shall have to begin life all over again," he said, when each had told the story of two years. "Having given away all I had—"

"Except your interest in my business, which has grown, oh, so prosperously!" interrupted Adelia. "It was your capital that brought it all about, and each month I have set your share aside, thinking to divide it with those of your relatives who might in time need it."

His eyes became humid. How well had this peerless creature remembered him! How clearly from her eyes shone forth her gratitude, her esteem. Her love as well. He knew it shortly, and they continued partners for life.

Business Promptly Attended to
Steamship Agency
Monessen Savings & Trust Co.
ALFRED TANZER, Manager.
Authorized Agents of the Steamship Lines. Bell Phone

PIMPLY? WELL, DON'T BE!

People Notice It. Drive Them Off with Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

A pimply face will not embarrass you much longer if you get a package of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The skin should begin to clear after you have taken the tablets a few nights.

Cleanse the blood, the bowels and the liver with Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the successful substitute for calomel; there's never any sickness or pain after taking them.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do that which calomel does, and just as effectively, but their action is gentle and safe instead of severe and irritating.

No one who takes Olive Tablets is ever cursed with "a dark brown taste," a bad breath, a dull, listless, "no good" feeling, constipation, torpid liver, bad disposition or pimply face.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil; you will know them by their olive color.

Dr. Edwards spent years among patients afflicted with liver and bowel complaints, and Olive Tablets are the immensely effective result.

Take one or two nightly for a week. See how much better you feel and look. 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

LOST SCULPTURE OF REIMS

Works of Art of Unfortunate City That Rivaled Those of the Greek School.

Four years ago the sculpture of Reims was one of the three great, original groups in France, the others being Chartres and Amiens. How they escaped, heaven knows, but they did. Saint Denis, Senlis and Laon, equal in beauty and in quality, fell easy prey to one set of sodden savages or another until only a few precious fragments are left, mutilated almost beyond recognition. Paris has been further degraded by barbarous restoration, and therefore Chartres remains as the exemplar of the high hieratic school of the twelfth century, Amiens of the supreme fulfillment of the thirteenth; for the great gray cliffs of Reims, with their matchless flowering of inconceivable, incredible statues, have been blasted by shell and calcined by fire, and the exquisite sculpture of all the craftsmen of France has crackled, crumbled and fallen into indistinguishable dust.

I think it was the greatest sculpture of the middle ages; greater than Chartres, for this was merely a triumphant detail of architecture; greater than Amiens, since it was less cleverly naturalistic, more Greek in its proportion and line, and more vital and varied in its vivid characterization, writes Ralph Adams Cram in the Yale Review. Medieval sculpture is often dealt with as inferiority, patronizingly commended as all very well, considering the time. I regard it as a school of sculpture that stands on the same level with that of Greece. Here at Reims were many schools, many masters and each following had its own personal qualities. In all, however, we find a truly Greek quality of line and composition, a sense of dignity and power that is unique, vivid and convincing characterization, and an indwelling devotion and religious passion that find their match neither before nor since.

FROWNED ON ALL LUXURIES

At Many Times in Different Periods an Effort Has Been Made to Enforce Simplicity.

Luxury taxation is by no means a new idea. In Rome, more than 2,000 years ago, the Oppian law enacted that "no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, or wear a dress of different colors, or ride in a carriage in the city or within a mile of it except on occasions of public religious ceremonies." In 187 B. C. a law was passed to limit the number of guests at entertainments.

A limit was set on the cost of funerals and of funeral monuments. And there would certainly be some outcry in this country against the methods of Julius Caesar, who had officers stationed in the market place to seize provisions forbidden by law, and sent soldiers to feasts to remove illegal eatables!

In our own country, the fourteenth century found extravagance in dress rampant, and during the reign of Edward III laws were made to restrain it. Food, also, has been regulated by old English laws. In the reign of Edward II a proclamation was issued against extravagant catering in the castles of "great men."—London Tit-Bits.

Everything Was All Right.

One of the policemen who took part in the bandit fight on Montgall avenue the other day called his home immediately after hostilities ceased, to assure his wife that he was not injured. His wife was in the apartment up stairs, but his mother in law was there and answered the telephone. She took the message and then went upstairs to reassure her daughter. "Now, don't get excited," she said, "for there's nothing serious. Now, everything will be all right, but you know the police have had a big fight with some train robbers out by the Belt line, and your husband—"

The wife slowly, softly, slipped from her chair in a dead faint. Ten minutes later she was revived. Then she said: "Well, go on, tell me the rest."

"—And he called up to say he was all right, and will tell you about it at supper time."—Kansas City Star.

Electric Cast Iron.

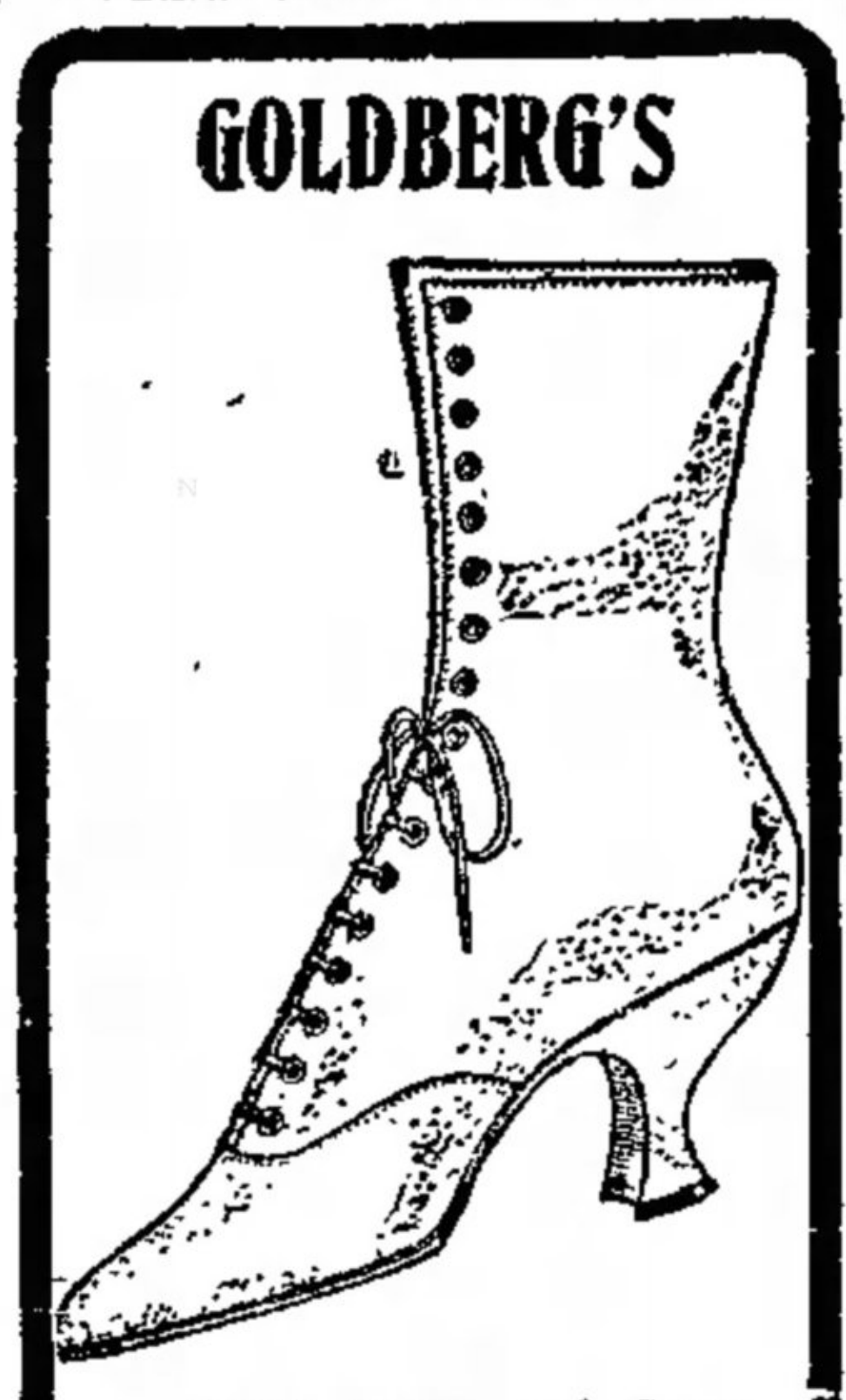
A development of war conditions in the steel industry of the United States has been the demonstration of the possibility of making pig iron and iron castings direct from steel scrap in an electric furnace—something never accomplished before. It has been claimed that such iron, cast in the form of castings, is far superior to the same castings made from ordinary pig iron, melted and cast. Tests of this new iron recently made at Columbia university demonstrate its high quality. Its tensile strength was shown to be 40,780 to 45,030 pounds per square inch, much higher than that of ordinary cast iron.—Scientific American.

"The Unbeliever," Coming to the Star Theatre.

When You Need Bills, Letter Heads, Envelopes, etc. Have Them Printed at the Daily Independent Office.

NewspaperARCHIVE® NewspaperARCHIVE®

GOLDBERG'S



$10.00 Brown and Gray Kidskin Boots

$8.50

Women's fine gray and havana brown kid shoes. Come inlong and military heels special price

$8.50

GOLDBERG'S

"Better Shoes"

517 Donner Ave. Monessen.

Want Column

WANTED—Good laundress and up stairs girl for hotel. Call Bell phone 9396. 20-tf

WANTED—God girl to work in M. & B. confectionery; best wages. steady work. 30-tf

WANTED—Good Liveryman to run and take care of stable; good wages for a good man. J. A. Hagerson, Monessen Livery. 33-6tp

WANTED—Position as first class bar tender, 15 years experience. Close mixer, sober, amiable and fair. At present employed. Address M, care Independent. 34-5tp

FOR SALE—1918 Chevrolet touring car; inquire at Kyle's garage, Belle Vernon, Pa. 34-4tp

WANTED—Girl to work in store, good salary; apply West Penn Tea Co., 529 Schoonmaker Ave. 35-3tp

WANTED—A reliable woman or girl to do general housework; one baby in family. Call 522 Donner avenue, third floor. 35-3t

WANTED—Girl at Johnson's restaurant; good wages. 35-3t

WANTED—Mail carriers; apply Monessen post office. 35-3t

FOR RENT—A six room flat with bath; hot and cold water, electric and gas. Apply Sanitary Meat Market, 428 Donner. 36-3t

FOR SALE—"1917' 'Studebaker in A-1 condition. Selling on account of leaving town. Tires all new. Address "G" care this office. 36-6t

FOR SALE—The Wm. Bertleman milk business. For information call at 233 Reed avenue. 36-3t

WANTED—Young man as all round salesman and store man. Call at Peoples Store. 36-5tp

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Phone 283-M, Monessen. 36-3tp

WANTED—Woman to do washing and housework one day a week; apply 14 Reed avenue. Phone 337-R. 37-2tp

WANTED—Woman to work by the day; apply 36 McKee avenue or call phone No. 433. 37-tf

FOR SALE—Three good breeding sows. also one male hog weighing from 400 to 450 pounds. and nine six-weeks old pigs. Anyone wanting half or whole hog dressed, inquire at same address. Write post office box 133 or inquire R. C. Schmidt. Pricedale road. 37-3tp

WANTED—Paper boys. aged 14 to 16 years. Good wages. Taylor's newstand. 37-tf

FOR SALE — Motorcycle 1918 model Harley. fully equipped. positively a new shape. Price $200 for this week. Call 182-J. Belle Vernon. 37-3tp

The Cost of Good Suits

is raising steadily—can't tell how much we'll have to pay for the next ones and so we can't promise you any more suits as good as these for the same prices

$20, $25, $30 and up

First call on WINTER OVERCOATS— Couldn't buy at wholesale now for what we are selling these Coats at

$20, $25, $30 and up

Ready here with everything to help you—SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, TIES, GLOVES, HOSIERY, HATS and SHOES.

FLORSHEIM SHOES for men who care. Twice the usual wear or another pair free.

—ooo—

Sbrocco, Cuddy & Co.
INC.
Cor. 3rd & Schoonmaker Avenue
Monessen, Pa.

BOY SHOT WHILE AT PLAY

While playing soldier with a shot gun they did not know was loaded, Delmar Adamson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Adamson of Washington county, was shot and instantly killed by Harry Neiser.

The shooting which was entirely accidental, occurred at the Adamson home on Friday, where the two boys, aged about 13 years, were playing. They were in a room with Mrs. Adamson, where they saw two guns which they picked up. Mrs. Adamson did not notice this, and the boys went into the kitchen. A few seconds later Mrs. Adamson heard a shot from the kitchen and when she rushed in, she saw the lifeless body of her boy lying on the floor with the top of his head blown off.

The Neiser boy stated that young Adamson told him the guns were not loaded. In play Neiser pointed the gun at Adamson and pulled the trigger. The charge struck the boy just at the hair line and tore the whole top of his head off, causing death instantly. Mr. Adamson stated that there was no load in the barrel of the weapon, but that it was a magazine gun and a cartridge must have been shifted by the boys while playing. The parents are distracted. Deputy Coroner W. W. Weighman was called, and after making an examination, found that the shooting was accidental.

JAIL DELIVERY AT STEUBENVILLE

Four prisoners escaped from jail at Steubenville yesterday morning by tearing a hole in the 18-inch brick wall and climbing down a rope made of blankets. Twenty-two other prisoners in the same section of the jail refused to vacate their warm quarters because of inclement weather.

The prisoners who escaped are James McDonald of Cleveland, held for the Federal grand jury on a charge of sedition; William Burnett, grand larceny; Richard Gaughan, selling liquor illegally, and William Hunt, a negro, charged with vagrancy.

The escape was the seventh jail-breaking this year, all having been made through the same hole in the wall. After each delivery the hole was bricked up again. During the night the prisoners, with the aid of a crowbar, which they found in the jail, dug out the bricks and making a rope of blankets, dropped to the street. All prisoners were confined in what is known as the "bull pen" on the second floor.

DEATH OF LITTLE ALBERT WREATH

Albert, the five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Wreath of East Schoonmaker avenue, passed away at 3:30 p. m. Tuesday, Nov. 19. The child had the influenza and pneumonia, after which he contracted diphtheria and recovered from these diseases alright,but a swelling was noticed in his left jaw and he was taken to a doctor who pronounced it ligament growth and the little fellow was removed to the Monongahela hospital at once, and on Tuesday, November 12 an operation was performed which proved futile as the disease was incurable and death was certain. The child had a strong constitution as he lingered a week after the operation and was bright and knew everyone. Albert was well liked by his many little friends and will be missed by all of them. The lad had a smile for everyone and was always happy and he will ever be remembered by all. Sympathy goes out to the grief stricken parents. Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Friday with interment in the Grandview cemetery.

Ireland Lives in Plenty

Although only a three-hour boat trip separates England and Ireland, there is as much difference as between day and night in the two islands, as far as food is concerned, says the New York Sun.

Ireland is not rationed voluntarily or otherwise, and there is plenty of everything, with the exception of sugar. In respect to food it is more pleasantly situated than the United States or England, because prices have not advanced as they have in America and are no higher than in England where the ministry of food not only rations, but controls prices. Ireland always has sent quantities of meat and dairy products to England and still is doing so.

Amazing Nerve.

An elderly British army officer is a tester of parachutes, and it is his almost daily business to go up in observation balloons to a height of some thousands of feet and then to throw himself out with a parachute for a lifeline. Sometimes he falls nearly 1,000 feet before the parachute opens. He may land in the oddest places, and the other day he and his parachute came down in the middle of a busy street, and he narrowly escaped being run over by a motor omnibus. There was also an occasion when he found himself upon the roof of a house with no visible means of getting down therefrom, and for some little time his position was precarious.

LOCAL NOTES

—Ernest McGavitt of 519 Donner avenue, is improving after a siege of influenza.

—Sam Meyers of the Meyers Clothing store is confined to his home by a heavy cold.

—Drs. A. R. Wilson and T. B. Herron are home on brief furloughs, Dr. Wilson being summoned on account of the illness of his daughter Dearie.

—J. C. F. Motz, of 417 Donner avenue, who was confined to his home about three weeks with influenza and pneumonia, is able to be out in town looking after business again.

—The many friends of Alfred Tanzer will be pained to learn that he is a victim of influenza and has been confined to his home on Donner avenue for several days. This morning his condition was said to be very good.

MUSIC—Good, up-to-date band and orchestra music for parades, dances, banquets and entertainments of all kinds furnished by the PITTSBURG STEEL PRODUCTS BAND. For terms and open dates, write to manager P. S. P. band, 392 Fourth street, Monessen, or call bell phone 428-J. 22-2tw 4w

Died

Mrs. Mary Campbell of Belle Vernon, died at 8:30 last night in the emergency hospital, aged 45 years, of pneumonia. Deceased was the wife of Bernard Campbell who also died in the emergency hospital, November 13th.

Tony Scaccia, aged 28 years, died in the emergency hospital this morning of pneumonia. Interment will be in Grandview cemetery.

George Sulikas of 1075 Schoonmaker avenue, died at 11 a. m. Tuesday of influenza and pneumonia, aged 43 years. Burial today at 1 o'clock. Interment in Grandview.

Tony Scotch of 1061 Morgan avenue, died at 1:55 this morning at the emergency hospital, aged 28 years. Death was caused by influenza.

Stefano, the six year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Madrick of 1165 Schoonmaker avenue, died last night in the emergency hospital of influenza.

LET ARMY MARCH THRU BERLIN STREETS

The Grand Rapids Exchange club has telegraphed the following resolution to President Wilson and Secretary of War Baker:

"Whereas Germany, in 1871, in negotiations for final peace with France, made the stipulation that the German army be permitted to march through the streets of Paris: "Resolved, that, in the negotiations for final peace now with Germany the stipulation that the victorious armies of democracy march through the streets of Berlin be not omitted."

Local Patriotism.

"The extent to which all classes of society have brought their patriotism into practice has been marvelous, was a remark made by Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C., in a recent conversation.

As an instance of this he mentioned how cheaply yet efficiently a wounded soldiers' hospital, within a stone's throw of his residence at Harlow, was run.

Sir Evelyn is actively interested in its management, and his daughter works there every day as a pantry maid, along with others similarly stationed in life. The cooking is done by three ex-cooks, who will not accept a penny for their services. The whole laundry work is done free of charge.—London Times.

Ancient Cameo Sold.

Probably executed for that patron of the arts, the Roman emperor Hadrian, a superb cameo of the head of Medusa, wonderfully carved from a boss of translucent chalcedony, was sold at auction here, recently, bringing 1,750 guineas (about $8,750). It was a classic reminder of a classic sale, for it formed part of the incomparable Marlborough gems which realized, en bloc, 35,000 guineas in June, 1875, passing to the late David Bromilow, of Battlesden Park. The collection was formed by George, third duke of Marlborough, and comprised gems which had belonged to such famous connoisseurs as Thomas Howard, earl of Arundel; William, second earl of Bessborough, and Philip Dormer, earl of Chesterfield.—London Telegraph.

Aerial Compasses.

Many difficulties had to be overcome in the production of a satisfactory compass for aerial work. Chief among these was that of neutralizing the magnetism of the engine (and in particular the magneto), and of preventing the effect of centrifugal force, which caused the card or dial inside the compass to swing in a direction quite independent of north when the airplane was banking on a turn. However, a truly excellent compass is now in use.

Soldiers Learning English.

It has been discovered that there are thousands of men in our National army who cannot speak or read English. For that reason the library war service of the American Library association has established classes in English in nearly all of the big training camps. There is a heavy demand for books, and even "First Readers" are on the list of books asked for and—of course—supplied.

An Uncrowned King

By SAIDEE ESTELLE BALCOM

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Perhaps Oak Grove would have turned out en masse, had its provincial population known that a king and seven loyal subjects were toiling down the hot, dusty country road, mere wayfarers, hungry, wearied and disheartened.

They were lithe, keen-eyed, small-featured little men, incongruous as to attire, with touch of orientalism in the suggestion of fez, scarf and sandal. Their king was a real king, though originally the possessor of a decidedly circumscribed domain. One of a tribe in Arabia that had split up into sections, for a full decade he had been the acknowledged monarch of about two hundred wild and fearless horsemen of the desert. Disease had decimated his following, the greater proportion of his subjects had deserted him for a more prosperous chieftain, and the bare remnant of the citizens of Zappa numbered seven only. King Hamad Djee sold his tent, his throne and his crown to a mountebank neighbor, and transported himself and his little contingent to the United States.

Hamad and his men were marvels in athletic and acrobatic skill. A vaudeville manager booked them for a circuit covering from coast to coast. He got rich out of the venture, and handed Hamad a small fortune. In appreciation and gratitude for the free land of liberty that had given them so much benefit, the eight men became naturalized citizens.

Then Hamad and his faithful seven started out on their own hook. Lack of managerial jurisdiction caused losses. Gradually their acts grew stale, their money vanished, and now they found themselves stranded.

"Shelter, rest, food—we must manage," Hamad declared with a glance at his worn-out comrades. As they neared the edge of a thriving village they came upon a great open barn, half filled with hay. King Hamad led his men into it.

"We will stay here, if we are permitted," he said. "I will bring some water," and from their traps he secured a large tin pail and started for a near house.

King Hamad reached the house and approached its well. Then he made out a winsome girl of about eighteen reading under a spreading tree. He approached her, bending with a courteous grace, and stating his request for a bucket of water. Blanche Mervin had noticed the group at the barn.

"You are strangers here?" she said, and that led to an explanation. His former royalty and his present distress was pathetically outlined by King Hamad. Warm-hearted Blanche arose and took up the empty pail.

"You and your friends must be weak and wearied," she said. "There is milk to spare in the dairy," and a few minutes later, invoking blessings upon his fair patroness, King Hamad returned to the barn with the pail filled to the brim with cool, fresh milk a boon inestimable to the famished group.

That evening Blanche's soldier lover, Clyde Seldon, came over from his encampment. With his fiancee he visited the old barn. In the meantime Blanche's father had given the wayfarers permission to camp in the barn, provided they were careful of fire. To show their grateful appreciation, the group gave an exhibition of wonderful acrobatic feats, their king sustaining the other seven on his shoulders, and walking around with them, a human tower twenty feet high.

"Your gifted friends have given me an idea, Blanche," said Clyde, as they strolled back to the house. "I am to have charge of a meeting at the town hall Saturday evening to drum up local recruits. If these nimble fellows will occupy the stage for an hour or so, entertaining the audience, they will prove a drawing card."

Blanche had charge of decorating the hall and found willing and efficient hands in the little group. She gave them a royal supper at the house for their services, and when the meeting took place and after they had delighted the audience with their nimble feats, they sat down in a row of front chairs and listened to the appeals of the various speakers for "more men."

It was after Blanche had read a beautiful patriotic poem, that King Hamad became excitedly busy in discussing some theme of intense interest, it seemed, with his subjects. One of them he sent to the barn to return with a little cloth roll. As Clyde, after enrolling a score or more of new recruits, renewed the invitation to enlist, Hamad advanced to where Blanche sat and made a profound obeisance, while they formed a semicircle about her.

"Your sweet voice has called us," he addressed Blanche in his mellow-toned broken English. "You shall be our goddess, to inspire us to give all we have for our adopted country. "Sweet lady, but place the poor old flag of Zappa beside those others, and we will go to your camp, and the front to prove our loyalty!"

He unwrapped a faded streamer with a blue ground and with silver symbols, the last remnant of his vanished grandeur, the flag of the smallest kingdom in the world, and Blanche went to the Stars and Stripes, and amid the deafening cheers of the audience knew that she had added eight new stars to the service flag of the town.

What's the use of Carrying a Complete Stock unless Folks Know what You've Got? ADVERTISE.

PRESIDENT TO SAIL ON GERMAN SHIP

President Wilson will cross the Atlantic on the United States transport Agamemnon,formerly the North German Lloyd liner Kaiser Wilhelm II, according to information received from a reliable source today. This ship is faster than the Leviathan, formerly the Hamburg-American liner Vaterland, and her accommodations are better. The imperial suite of the Agamemnon, once occupied by the kaiser on a cruise, will be used by the President and Mrs. Wilson, it is said. The work of getting the Agamemnon ready has already begun, it is learned. The Kaiser Wilhelm II, was a sister ship of the Kronprinzessen Cecelie, now the Mount Vernon, holder of the German transatlantic record. Both vessels before the war could maintain an average speed of 22 knots and it is said that under American engineers and crews their speed has increased considerably.

A Night Adventure

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

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"You'll never know what life is till you raid a watermelon patch, sis," proclaimed the younger brother of Eleanor Vesey.

"And particularly the patch behind the big Waltham place," added Ned's chum, one familiar Walt Bardon.

"You boys are too full of mischief to exist," chided Eleanor, but indulgently.

"We were full of ripe, luscious watermelon to one's heart's content last night!" gloated Ned. "Say, sis, give the girls a dare to make a raid. It's easy, and it's fun. There's an old fellow with gray whiskers guarding the place, but he goes to sleep before it's dark."

"Don't encourage me to be hoydenish," remonstrated Eleanor, but a speculative expression came into her lovely eyes.

A breathless group of six girl friends joined Eleanor that evening in an old store room of her home.

Excited and mysterious glances were exchanged. During the afternoon each one of the girls had managed to get hold of a suit of father or brother. Most of them were jumper suits, blue and brown. Eleanor wore white duck attire belonging to her father, which he donned in trimming the garden. They got clear of the house and then, the rear lane gained without discovery, chatting voices burst forth in a hubbub.

"The young man who has taken the place is named Gerald Waltham," announced one.

"What a romantic name! And I've seen him, and he's handsome as—as a movie actor!" declared Ellice Bartley.

"They say he's rich as Croesus," added another, "and his widowed sister is going to keep house for him."

The coterie reached the melon patch and began to locate, press and thump their various selections.

"Oh, but I've got a whopper!" cried Eleanor.

"Girls, run, some one is coming!" cried Ellice, and six speeding forms cleared the patch and, burdened by her selection, Eleanor was left alone.

"Oh, you cowards!" she called after them. Then she made a wild dash past some shrubbery as she saw two men coming under the fence wire.

Her foot caught in a trailing vine. With a breathless slam Eleanor went flat directly across the reeking ruin of the melon, deluging her white attire with sticky fiber, clinging seeds and a lurid stain of red. She heard voices and put for a shed.

"Where's Bud?" spoke one.

"At the side of the house. He's to locate the old watchman and keep him quiet. Our share is the young man. He's got a small safe holding all kinds of rich plunder. Budd says. We'll quiet him, then for a haul worth while."

"O-oh!" shivered Eleanor, comprehending. "Burglars—robbers! And that nice young man!" She started for the house. As she rounded a porch the radiance from a lighted room beyond showed a recumbent form in a hammock. She approached the front steps and tried its screen door. It was locked.

"Oh, quick! quick! Wake up!" she cried, beating upon the door. A young man, the young man, Gerald Waltham, sprang to his feet and opened the door, staring.

"What's this?" he challenged sharply, and then his manner changed as he recognized feminine accents, as Eleanor gasped forth:

"There's trouble—danger! Please get into the house and lock the doors and windows. Some men are lurking in the garden, bent upon robbing you."

Her involuntary host passed through the doorway and Eleanor followed him. He turned to survey her. A smile wreathed his lips. Eleanor caught a reflection of herself in a big mirror. Horrors! The white jumper was a sight, her hair was in disorder. She looked like some wild woman! She flushed scarlet, but nevertheless coherently told of her discovery. The enterprise of activity came into the young man's face. He slammed the door shut and locked down the windows.

"You are certainly a good friend," he said, and went to the mantel and took thence a revolver. "Hold the fort, even if you have to shoot," and placing the weapon in Eleanor's hand, he sped to the next room and she heard him telephone to the town police. Then she uttered a scream and pulled the trigger of the revolver, as a sinister face peered in at the window, and then, womanlike, she fainted away.

She was lying back in a great armchair when sensibility returned, and the young man gazing upon her with a benign smile.

"You winged your man," he advised Eleanor, "enough to cripple him till the officers came, and through him they will doubtless discover his accomplices. And now may I thank you and see you home?" and Eleanor, abashed at her incongruous attire, was very silent as he left her at her doorstep, with the words:

"I shall want to call on you in the morning, to show you a short-cut way to the melon patch and peach orchard, with all of your charming friends whenever you wish."

And the last one of those charming friends, the day Eleanor was married to Gerald Waltham, wore a bracelet made of watermelon seeds.

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These are only a few of our specials.

Sanitary Meat Market

428 Donner Avenue, Monessen, Pa.

Frog Catcher Enlists.

Though Fritz is on the jump, his fate now is all the more certain. Peter Charon of New Haven, official frog catcher for the laboratories at Yale university, has enlisted in the marine corps.

"There isn't much doing in the frog line now," says Charon. "Before the war you used to hear them churning out their cries of 'Jug of rum! Jug of rum!' but now you can't find any of the creatures down our way. Besides there's no market since the laboratory men have all gone to war."

Charon is six feet and one inch in height. The marines consider him a good addition to their fighting corps.

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